He reades the Letter.

Seigneur Martino, *& his wife and daughters: Countie* Anſelme *and his bewtious ſiſters: the Lady widdow of* Vtruuio, *Seigneur* Placentio, *and his louely Neeces*: Mercutio *and his brother* Valentine: *mine Vncle* Capulet *his wife and daughters: my faire Neece* Roſaline, Liuia, *Seigneur* Valentio, *and his Coſen* Tybalt: Lucio *and the liuely* Hellena.

A faire aſſemblie, whither ſhould they come?

Ser. Vp.

Ro. Whither to ſupper?

Ser. To our houſe.

Ro. Whoſe houſe?

Ser. My Maiſters.

Ro. Indeed I ſhould haue askt you that before.

Ser. Now ile tell you without asking. My maiſter is the great rich *Capulet*, and if you be not of the houſe of *Mountagues*, I pray come and cruſh a cup of wine. Reſt you merrie.

Ben. At this ſame auncient feaſt of *Capulets*, [illegible]
Sups the faire *Roſaline* whom thou ſo loues:
With all the admired beauties of *Verona*,
Go thither, and with vnattainted eye,
Compare her face with ſome that I ſhall ſhow,
And I will make thee thinke thy ſwan a crow.

Ro. When the deuout religion of mine eye,
Maintaines ſuch falſhood, then turne teares to fier:
And theſe who often drownde, could neuer die,
Tranſparent Hereticques be burnt for liers.
One fairer then my loue, the all ſeeing Sun,
Nere ſaw her match, ſince firſt the world begun.

Ben. Tut you ſaw her faire none elſe being by,
Her ſelfe poyſd with her ſelfe in either eye:
But in that Chriſtall ſcales let there be waide,
Your Ladies loue againſt ſome other maide:
That I will ſhew you ſhining at this feaſt,
And ſhe ſhall ſcant ſhew well that now ſeemes beſt.

Ro. Ile go along no ſuch ſight to be ſhown me,

But

But to reioyce in ſplendor of mine [illegible]

Enter Capulets *Wife*

Wife. Nurſe wher's my daughte

Nurſe: *Now by my maidenhead, a*
come, what Lamb, what Ladie-bird, G
Wheres this Girle? what Iuliet.

Enter Iulie

Iuliet. How now who calls?

Nur. *Your mother.*

Iuli. Madam I am here, what is

Wife. This is the matter. Nurſe giu
in ſecret. Nurſe come backe again
thou ſe heare our counſel. Thou kno
tie age.

Nurſe. *Faith I can tell her age v*

Wife. Shee's not fourteene.

Nurſe. *Ile lay fourteene of my teet*
ſpoken, I haue but foure, ſhees not four
How long is it now to Lammas-tide?

Wife. A fortnight and odde day

Nurſe. *Euen or odde, of all daies in t*
night ſhall ſhe be fourteen. Suſan *and ſh*
were of an age. Well Suſan *is with Go*
as I ſaid, on Lammas *Eue at night ſha*
ſhee marrie, I remember it well.
eleuen yeares, and ſhe was weand I neu
of the yeare vpon that day: for I had t
dug, ſitting in the ſun vnder the Dou
you were then at Mantua, *nay I doo be*
when it did taſte the worme-wood o
felt it bitter, pretie foole, to ſee it teach
Shake quoth the Doue-houſe, twas no
and ſince that time it is a leuen yeares,
nay by th roode ſhe could haue run and
the day before ſhe broke her brow and